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THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

THE T. P. COOKE PRIZE DRAMA.

Amongst "the competitors for the above prize," who had to "send in their manuscripts, addressed to the Master and Wardens of the Royal Dramatic College on or before the 1st of January, 1866," were two young writers whose extreme modesty induced them to combine together in the composition of a nautical drama. We shall be very much surprised if it does not prove to be quite as good as anything sent in.

THE WRECK OF THE BLUNDERGUSS.

ACT I.

By Sir B. LYTTON, Author of "The Lady of Lyons," "The Lion of Judaea," &c.

SCENE.—The deck of H. M. S. Blunderguss.

Time: Moonlight. Persons: CLAWED MEALNOT, a hardy tar, all alone of himself.

CLAWED.—Ah me, ah me, the passionate heart of man!

The moon is shining, and the lesser orbs
Are clustered round her fair effulgent disk,
A galaxy of bright attendant stars!
So shines, methinks, a philosophic Bart,
Surrounded by a literary guild,
Whom he invites, at intervals, to tea!
Ah me, ah me, the passionate heart of man!
I love the captain's daughter; I have dared—
The British sailor dares do anything—
To ask her hand in marriage of her sire—
Nor should I think it likely he'd refuse!
But soft! he comes! Aye, aye, three quarters
slack,
Slew the main brace, avast, and brail the jib!
(Aside) My seamanship may please him.
(Aloud.) Blow the gaff!

ACT II.

By CHARLES READE, Author of "Never too Late to Mend."

SCENE.—The state cabin. Time: Later. Persons: CAPTAIN GRIFFITH GAUNT, R. N., V. C., C. B., F. Z. S., and his daughter, EMILY GAUNT, M. D.

CAPTAIN GAUNT.—Nay nay my own Emily tremble, not; for long is the lane: that, has

no, turning, in, it; and your brave heart wanders; even through that in safety when it tries so we may save her yet through such a storm never howled and raved RAVED along the iron-bound coast; here comes Barker Lieutenant not much use in him I should say.*

Enter LIEUTENANT BARKER.

BARKER.—Bad news needs but a brief messenger wherefore give me but leave to say we're off the Wreckless Reef, that half the crew are drunk and but little's our hope of safety oh Emily (aside) my heart is your own for ever!

CAPTAIN GAUNT.—Haul in the cleats of the main-spanker boom from the taffrail to the deepest dungeon beneath—I MEAN, try to bring her round.

BARKER.—I have done so. Human foresight is useless. Farewell. (Aside.) Oh Emily, my heart is your own for ever! [Exit.

CAPTAIN GAUNT.—Wretched Barker he dispairs; and henceforth his name shall be written on the books backward, in small capitals, thus, for barker read REKRAB!!!

EMILY.—Say it not, oh my father! Sure your mouth, not your heart, speaks his fate. Perhaps your stomach is a little out of order. Try some tincture of cardamons!

CAPTAIN GAUNT.—Fond girl—but I know a better remedy (gets fuddled forthwith.)

Enter CLAWED MEALNOT.

C. M.—The passionate heart of man—I mean, you know, huzzay! Alone I jumped to the peak halliards loosened stays hoisted the dingy to the cross-trees brought her up in the wind's eye and we are safe SAFE SAVED!!!!

CAPTAIN GAUNT.—Ha, then you're a gallant fellow my boy you've saved the ship; here's money for thee take it freely old Gaunt is generous but you've spoken to your commanding officer without permission and you must have three thousand lashes by the Articles of War. My heart bleeds, your back must follow suit, What ho, the boatswain's mate, bring the CAT the cruel cat Ha Ha!!!

EMILY.—Quite right, my beloved parent; and I—I will feel his pulse. (Aside.) The impertinent rude fellow!

[Here enters the boatswain's mate with a live cat. Intense realism. CLAWED is flogged till the blood flows from him in torrents. N. B.—If anybody should object to this in representation, let the manager order him to be removed in charge of the police.]

* NOTE BY MASTER PRINTER.—I have exactly followed Mr. Reade's punctuation, although against all rules, having formerly got into trouble through altering that of Mr. Nicholas, which resembles it.

(For the Saturday Press.)

HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

Having travelled considerably in my time, I have thought some brief suggestions, short perhaps of a perfect manual on the subject, might be useful.

First, don't call it a tavern, or an inn, or a hotel even.

Call it a House, and name it after some great capitalist, big Indian, or Saint—"Morton-Peto House," or "Whoop-de-Doodle House," or "St. Bob-o-Link House;" that sounds well and will take the traveller's ear.

Nothing is so vulgar as to court bagmen's and traders' custom, as you will seem to do by naming your establishment "Merchants," or "City," or "Commercial."

These suggest a second class affair at once.

Be sure and establish an immense barber's shop on the ground floor.

It causes a grateful odor of the Balm of a Thousand Flowers and Night Blooming Cereus to pervade the atmosphere, and effectually subdues and overcomes other and less agreeable smells, as for instance cockroaches and cookery.

If you can hire an Irishman cheap enough, let one man do nothing but swab the marble hall with greasy water all day long; it conveys an idea of cleanliness to the guests; at night, when few are about, it is of little consequence.

I said "guests," and here is a point you should by no means neglect.

Be careful in speaking of your 'elgers, in printed notice and the like, to use that term.

It is refined, and puts them on their good behavior at once.

Procure a well-dressed clerk with curly black hair, if possible, to stand at the desk, and by all means insist on his wearing diamonds.

Seedy visitors will take no liberties with such a man.

When a traveller comes in, he is not to notice him for the space of five minutes at least; it puts the obligation at once where it belongs.

You take him in, not he you.

It is an excellent device to have the numbers of your chambers reversed from the old plan, i. e., let them begin to count from the roof.

Thus when a guest sees the clerk put "No. 10," for instance, opposite his name on the register, he departs satisfied, and is too much exhausted and cowed by the time he discovers its whereabouts to make any complaint.

Instruct your clerk that it is not his business to know anything about departing trains and steamboats.

Also, if your House happens to be in a country town, to add \$1 a day invariably to all New Yorkers' bills.

They will not think much of your House otherwise.

When a guest has paid his bill and is about to depart, let the clerk ask cheerily—"Which way do you go, Mr. Robinson?"

Some persons are so easily imposed upon, that the extraordinary fact of a highly bedizened clerk's knowing their names two minutes after reading them on the register, tickles them tremendously.

In regard to the dining-room, you cannot have too impudent an Irishman as head waiter.

It should be his duty when a guest enters the room, no matter how empty it may be, to take him in convoy and make him walk the entire length of it before assigning him a seat.

It not only serves to impress the grandeur of the apartment upon him, but invariably disconcerts bashful men, so that they devour their meals meekly and make no troublesome requests.

Ladies should be served in the same way, for exactly contrary reasons.

It affords them a fine opportunity to display their clothes, and puts them in a good humor.

Let the sexes be kept religiously apart while feeding, unless in the case of husband and wife.

Married men travelling alone will suffer so much from the dearth of female society, that next time they will probably bring their wives.

It will scarcely be necessary to make any suggestions in regard to extra charges in the bills, as they will naturally occur to the feeblest of landlords.

You should always, however, charge for a fire in winter in every room that has conveniences for it, and if remonstrated with, reply that it is a "rule of the House," and the guest might have had it.

This phrase you will find of immense service on all sorts of occasions.

Let all your employees be particular to style the hotel omnibus a "coach," and a gent's wife, his "lady."

These dittle elegancies cost nothing, and gild the surface of life immensely.

Procure the largest Chinese gong you can find, to awaken your guests in the morning, and call them to meals.

They will conclude that your House is a stunning affair.

A negro will probably beat it more thoroughly than a white man.

Also, on the counter in the office, keep an immense hammer-bell.

A judicious clerk will produce a very humbling effect upon a modest guest by striking it rapidly four or five time times when he is asking absurd questions.

Follow these suggestions carefully, and you will go far to prove the truth of Emerson's aphorism that "travel is the fool's paradise."

ROBINSON.

(For the Saturday Press.)
BREAKING THE ICE.

By R. WOLOOT.

"My dear fellow, if you would only break the ice you would get along swimmingly."

The Doctor was a plain spoken, straightforward man, and had no intention of perpetrating a pun when he said this; but I could not help thinking what a chilly swim it would be, and made a rueful attempt to laugh, and so get respite from the miserable state of mind I was in.

"Don't sit there grinning like an ape,"—evidently the Doctor was a plain spoken man—"set your wits to work, and you'll find a way out of your trouble."

Now the trouble that I was in and that I wanted to get out of was this.

I was pining for Lucetta.

From the day that I met that angelic person I dated a remarkable change.

I had been a happy, uncouth, big boy, careless of my dress or of my complexion, feeling no passion but for reading and fishing.

I now discovered that my feet and hands were of enormous size, and my teeth and my freckles made me very unhappy.

I became addicted to Sozodont, and hair-oil, and blacked my boots twice a day.

I grew particular about my neck-ties, and surprised my washerwoman by complaining of the make-up of my shirts.

What time I was not employed in eradicating pimples from my forehead I devoted to reading poetry.

On St. Valentine's day, I even went so far as to commence some amatory lines "To Lucetta," calling her, among other things, a "zephyr;" but as I could find no word to rhyme with this but *heifer*, I gave it up in disgust.

But all my devotion was paid at a distance.

Though I worshipped her with idolatrous fervor—though I adored her curls and her waterfall—envied the belt that encircled her slight waist, and would-ed I were a glove upon that hand fifty times a day—yet I never could muster courage to say so.

I had made attempts to broach the subject through the medium of common place chat, but whenever I approached it, I felt the hot blood throbbing in my temples and tingling in my ears, my mouth would utter nothing but silence, and I was forced to cover my retreat by some vapid remark about the weather.

Overcome by my diffidence, I withdrew from society, gave Bridget my bottle of Kalydor, and relapsed into my old slipshod ways.

But the vision of the fair Lucetta followed me everywhere.

When I took up one of my neglected law-books, her face blurred the page, and unconsciously my pencil traced her name in the margin.

If I went a-fishing, I saw only a pink and white image in the water, while the fish nibbled and the cork bobbed unheeded.

I was going into a decline, felt that it would be fatal, and gloomily amused myself by writing "Died of Diffidence" after my name, and wondering how it would look inscribed on my tomb-stone.

One day Doctor Dulcemara asked me the

cause of my dejection, and I unburdened my soul to him and received much flattering encouragement, coupled with the above advice.

As I turned to leave the Doctor, he repeated what he had said about breaking the ice, and added, by way of postscript:—"And you must spruce up more; you look too much like a professional loafer run to seed."

As I said before, the Doctor was a plain spoken man.

How I succeeded in breaking the ice will appear in what follows.

Determined to follow the good Doctor's advice, I resolved to attend Mrs. Fitz-Blank's party on the next Thursday evening.

No one who is not a bashful and awkward young man can appreciate the heroism of that resolve.

Men have died upon the rack for truth's sake: and when our nation's life was threatened, thousands fearlessly bared their breasts to the battle's leaden storm, and, sustained by a glorious enthusiasm, met death with exultant welcome: but what enthusiasm is there to sustain a great hulk of a boy, very young and very vealy, when he stumbles into the glare of a brilliant parlor, his first step probably making sad havoc with some lady's sweeping train?

How can he stand at ease before the batteries of bright eyes when he is painfully uncertain about his toilet?

For your bashful man never knows but that he has forgotten something essential in his dress.

And how can he be happy when his boots torture him, and he feels that his hands are a useless encumbrance.

And then the girls do so enjoy making game of the unfortunate youth!

How they do look him over, and criticize him, and giggle behind their fans; and how preter-naturally solemn they are if he ventures to rejoice to see them so merry.

You may talk of Ridley, and Latimer, and Joan-of-Arc, and old Put, and Grant, and Farragut; but the whole roll of heroes and martyrs exhibits no such spectacle of heroism and martyrdom as does a bashful young man, in the early stage of his social existence, at an evening party.

But to return to my own experience.

I was resolved that on this occasion nothing should be wanting to insure my success, and, like a prudent General before going into action, I got my forces well in hand and in the most effective condition possible.

To say that my toilet was elegant, is a feeble expression.

I devoted hours to it, and, when finished, I considered it magnificent, gorgeous, sublime.

By dint of soap-stone and boot-hooks I crowded myself into a pair of patent leathers that I felt sure must bring the fair Lucetta to terms.

But if these failed, I could fall back on my neck-tie, my back hair, and my refulgent expanse of white waistcoat.

Moreover, I loaded my ammunition chest with an abundance of choice selections from the "Poetical Dictionary," which I expected to fire at her with such force and frequency as to complete my conquest.

Behold me then, with some trepidation, but with considerable confidence in my general

appearance, entering Mrs. Fitz-Blank's festal halls.

I begin my performance by giving the hostess my hand, and with it, to my confusion, one of my coat-tails, with which it has somewhat become entangled; but the good lady, with the charming tact that some ladies have (would there were more such!) soon makes me feel somewhat at ease, and causes me to forget myself, and my great hands, and, in a measure, even my tortured feet.

But other guests are arriving, and I must give place to them.

I do this with difficulty, as the room is crowded, and my unlucky feet will entangle themselves in the silken snares that ladies drag after them.

With frantic efforts I make my way through a window to a balcony, for the purpose of cooling my heated brow and gathering strength for the onset upon Lucetta.

To my surprise and delight, I find that charming maiden there, and alone.

Recovering from the discomfiture of so suddenly meeting her, I approach her with the smile that I have so often practiced before the glass.

She smiles in return.

Evidently my toilet is doing its work.

And there, in the tranquil hush of the summer night, with the odor of flowers floating in from the garden, and the music of the voices in the parlor falling on the ear mellowed and subdued, I taste of Elysian delights, and feel that even for me there may be a measure of success as a lover.

After a short skirmish with trifling bavardage, I begin the attack in earnest, open my batteries of "Elegant Extracts," overwhelm her with allusions to "Chaste Diana," "Mild-eyed Astarte," etc., quotations apt and inapt, and flatter myself that the ice is breaking finely, when I am interrupted by—"Will you walk out to supper?"

Now if it had been "Will you step up and have your leg amputated?" or "Will you walk out and be shot?" I might go with cheerful alacrity; but walking out to supper means such a going in and getting squeezed as is appalling for a timid man to contemplate.

Think of it!

A crowd of people surging around a "groaning board" (What board would not groan to witness such a performance?) all apparently in a famished state, and all intent upon one particular dish of salad at the same time.

Notice the fragile nature of all that makes up the ladies' splendor, recollect that if you stir you may irretrievably ruin some of this splendor, and retain your composure if you can.

And if you try to avoid accidents by standing still—if you don't stir, and that briskly, and make heroic efforts to supply her who is dearer than the apple of your eye with the best the table affords, you are voted a selfish brute.

But there is no time to waste in moralizing.

Lucetta is but mortal and doubtless Lucetta is hungry.

So we join the swelling throng that is moving toward the "Sally manjer," as young Ap-Spook felicitously styles it.

Would that the remainder of this fatal evening might be buried in oblivion.

I omit as much of my unhappy experience as possible.

I say nothing of my desperate struggles for boned turkey—of my adventures in quest of macaroons—of how I decorated the summit of Miss Petrolina's waterfall with a pickle—or of how I made an aquarium of my shirt bosom, depositing therein a fine sardine, and afterward with the help of Ap-Spook's elbow, feeding it with a spoonful of very oily salad—I pass over these minor misfortunes and come to the grand catastrophe.

Having, by superhuman exertions, supplied Lucetta's wants and obtained a cup of coffee for myself, I was standing complacently by her side and trying to be happy, though the coffee was very warm, and the cream a little turned.

Just as I was stooping, in what I considered a very graceful and seductive way, to whisper some soft nothing into Lucetta's ear, the ponderous old Major Casemate deposited his whole avoirdupois, 260 lbs., on my right foot, on which there flourished a particularly sensitive corn.

With a cry of agony I started back, and in doing so, collided with a waiter carrying a tray of ices.

We—the waiter, the ices, and myself—fell together.

I felt a chill running over my face and neck, and was undecided whether to get up or not.

Better, thought I, to lie here and be trampled to death, than to feel the jeers that will be heaped upon my head by the heartless crowd, and, worse yet, the arrows of indignation that the eyes of Lucetta will smite me with.

For her blue silk, that had been pronounced *ravishing*, was ruined forever by the torrent of ices.

However, after Major Casemate had stepped on me once or twice, and shown me what being trampled to death was likely to be, I thought I would rise.

On doing so I discovered that my coat was profusely ornamented with pieces of the broken glasses and their moist contents, besides being split up the back as far as the collar, and that I was exhibiting rather more of my inner rayment than is consistent with the proprieties of good society.

I withdrew without formal leave taking, and so ended my first essay in "breaking the ice."

(For the Saturday Press.)

LOVE AND LUSTRE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.

Sweet is the Sun at early dawn,
The Noon his clearest shining,
But far more rich the splendors which
Attend his red declining;
When Night, with starry fancy, dreams
Of vanished suns and rosy beams.

II.

Thus Love, so sweet ere we had met,
O'er our brief union darting
His clearest rays, still poured a blaze
More passionate at parting;
When, through the Night of Absence lone,
Like stars, remembered kisses shone.

(For the Saturday Press.)

"DRUM-TAPS."

Few persons, we imagine, have read the much over-praised, as well as greatly underrated writings of Walt Whitman, without a conviction that their author is a genuine poet, although they may not agree with his more enthusiastic critics in ranking him above all of the moderns, and finding his true place beside Isaiah, Ezekiel and Job. It is impossible to sympathize heartily with the greatest thoughts that have found utterance in literature, and not to admire him. The two ideas which have him in their possession,—the omnipresence of the soul, and the sacredness of the individual—lie at the roots of poetry and civilization; and he chants them with an invincible faith, which is, of itself, sufficient to place him on a plane beyond that of the poets who believe in art as a finality.

But to be a Pantheist and a Democrat, does not constitute a claim sufficient to entitle any man to the distinction of being a great poet; and Walt Whitman has no other, save a picturesqueness of phrase unsurpassed in literature, and a powerful rhythm, whose long musical roll is like that of the waves of the sea. For he is not a man of ideas. What is called his sanity, his tenacious grasp on realities, is, after all, the monomania of a man whom a great thought has robbed of his self-possession. The unity of the soul is a key that unlocks all doors, but Walt Whitman stopped at the first one to which he applied it. He celebrates the divinity of matter, and worships the shells of things with such fervor that he almost persuades us that there is no substance behind them. It is a dangerous error. The sphinx, Matter, stands in her terrible beauty before every soul, and no answer to her riddle is more fatal than this. Whisper to her that she is divine, and her smiling lips open surely for your destruction. The idea which led Oriental thinkers to the life of contemplation, and which gives Emerson a serenity like that of the unclouded summer sky, leads this poet to materialism. His songs, though beautiful and inspiring, smack too strongly of the earth. His suggestions are sometimes vast, but himself is chaotic and fragmentary. The truth is that the two ideas which find expression through him are antagonistic. Because the soul is one and all mighty, the individual is nothing. "I want no masses at all," says Emerson; but in Whitman the passion for individuals is so strong that it continually wrestles with and overthrows his belief in the universal. Democracy is a good thought to found a state upon, but it is not the profoundest basis for a poem.

Jefferson may claim that "all men are born free and equal," and Whitman may "accept nothing which all cannot have the counterpart of on the same terms;" but the soul, which does not divide itself impartially through the whole universe, but incarnates itself wholly in each atom, is an aristocrat—does not whiffle about rights and duties—claims all and will not be hindered of its own. Mr. Gradgrind's facts, Walt Whitman's patriotism, the vilest

man, the purest saint, are equally sacred, and equally valueless, for they are the stepping-stones only, to the unattainable beyond. Let any man assume the attitude of adoration, no matter how fair the shrine, and his shell instantly hardens around him. And porous as this poet thinks himself to all the influences of the universe, he is prostrated, deaf, dumb and blind, before an idol from which the god has departed.

And yet, as Thoreau said, he suggests at times something more than human. In his latest volume there are a few passages which contain the very essence of poetry, and are inexpressibly pathetic, moreover, with the yearning humanity that breathes through them. Setting aside his war chants, which are remarkable for nothing but the startling vividness of their pictures, there are certain poems which make one doubt the correctness of the impression made by the whole man. Such, for instance, are the invocation to Death in the poem called "When last in the dooryard the lilacs bloomed," "Chanting the Square Deific," and "As I lay with my head in your lap." If his faith in the unseen were more of a prophetic fury, and less a premeditated and coolly considered belief; if he clung closer to realities and less tenaciously to appearances, he would be the greatest poet of our day. But he hesitates, as he says, with a rare self-appreciation, at the first step in his progress. He shuts himself from hearty sympathy on all sides. His music, his picturesque force avail him little with the poets, while he so persistently produces poetical effects outside of the accepted rules of their art; and his vast ideas fail of half their force to those who, believing in them as faithfully as he, feel that his application of them is limited and material.

F.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, having become enamelled of a siren of Boston, has led her to the menial altar. He didn't appear the least bit decomposed. On the back of his wedding cards were little cubebs with wings.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

All in a dream 't the twilight, stars
Glimmering out in their glee,
I hear the low murmur of far-off
Ripples of tropic sea.

Sorrowful sun, in the west, he
Is bleeding to death in the wave,
Staining and tinting with crimson
The corals that fashion his grave.

Out through the mists and the vapors,
The cloudy wreaths and the rings,
The sunlight has flown like a butterfly
Brushing the gold from its wings.

A quiet is coming and folding
Our troubles away, and our woes
Are hushed in the cool, fragrant shadows,
Like bees in the heart of a rose.

Come on little stars, all silver,
For the terrible sun has gone,
And forth from the castle of shadows east
The moon has set sail for the dawn.

Pale are the stars, for the morning
Is dawning fresh as the May—
So through the shadows we wander forth,
Seeking the perfect day.

CHARLES W. STODDARD.

(For the Saturday Press.)

MISREPRESENTATION.

D'HOLBACH says that "it is only necessary to displace a man, to make him accuse the universe of confusion." The remark is suggestive, and of wide-spread application. Nature alone is competent to understand her workings, because in her are contained all causes and all effects. She, alone, knows why a man walks and a vegetable grows. A man steps forward with a system that is to explain all things. He, as a man, makes man the "head and crown of things," the "noblest work of God;" but if an Emersonian clam, lying under the warm waters of some Southern sea, could understand what the man says, as the water washed through it, bringing the infusoria within its shell, it would quietly laugh, knowing a thing or two of the philosophy of comfort, of which the system-maker is ignorant.

It would seem that in order that a philosophy may be true, it must be true not only to the mind of man, but also to higher and lower intelligences. If such a philosophy shall ever appear, it will be instantly recognized, and there will be no further debate. Individual being will quietly rest in universal being. Evil will have been disunity; the individual, out of its place, and in uncouth manner striving to regain its true position; as in the crumbling walls of the Coliseum its formative atoms are seeking their true place; and in the roar of Niagara is heard the voice of the waters demanding rest.

So far, then, as we look at things *as men*, misrepresentation is unavoidable and innocent. But when we cease to see as men, and see only as Sensationalists, as Idealists, as members of a particular party in politics or religion; or upholders of a particular school of criticism; or lovers of that land, alone, in which we were born; we lose catholicity, health, nearly all that entitles us to the name of thinkers.

Nature gave us a hint of what she intended us to do, when she gave us two eyes to see a thing stereoscopically; if this would not do, two arms to turn the thing over; this failing, two legs to walk around it.

Carlyle says that if a sparrow should write the history of a hawk, it would not be very flattering to the hawk. It would also be as far from truth as from flattery, and the misrepresentation would arise from seeing from only one point of view. If we are sparrows, the hawk is cruel, and a tyrant; if we are hawks, sparrows are too weak and contemptible a race to have any rights that hawks are "bound to respect;" as Montesquieu laughingly says of the negroes, "these creatures are black all over, and with such a flat nose that they can scarcely be pitied."

It is the curse of prejudice, of blind and irrational pride, and inordinate conceit, sometimes of the man's self, sometimes of his church, party, nation, or color, and sometimes of his race, forgetting that we do but fill our place in a universe, perhaps as conduit pipes, through which the forces of nature flow.

From this prejudice arises misrepresentation, whether in merely personal matters, or in

matters of more weight than any man, or any ten thousand men.

In the endless disputes and recriminations of politics, in the bitter hatred and relentless rancor of controversial theology, or in the equally tormented ground of art criticism, the spirit of misrepresentation stands by, ready at the command of the malignant prejudice that has conjured it up, to blast a character or overturn a reputation. And this, too, perhaps, for a mere difference of opinion. A few years ago, if you had proved that a man was an infidel or an abolitionist, it was needless to prove him a villain.

Such is the logic! Of itself, it is valueless beneath serious notice, but its results are often disastrous. In the face of history the Pope becomes antichrist, Wesley a fanatic and Theodore Parker an atheist; the Germans are all rationalists, the French all deists, and the good people are frightened at the words you have used, not knowing that epithets are not arguments.

What shall be said of a system that needs such aid? what of the men who use it? Does truth go maimed and crippled through the world, shivering at every "wind of doctrine," bolstered and dosed by the doctors who have taken her under their particular care, and who would seem to betem not even the winds of heaven visit her cheek too roughly?

Truth is not yours. It belongs to no men or set of men. Thinkers should recognize in each other fellow workers, and know that in so far as a man is a thinker, he can be seeking truth alone. If he mistakes, it is his misfortune, not his fault; he must still be treated as a brother, and not as an outcast.

They should remember that

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be
They are but broken lights of thee,
For thou, O Lord, art more than they."

The half Christian intellect of Socrates, rising amid darkness to hover for a time over the unwilling earth, and then to set in blood; the gorgeous pageantry of the oriental religions in a land so suited to them; catholicity the cherisher of art; Protestantism, the cherisher of science; all faiths, all philosophies, all religions, all creeds, all partial statements of one great truth,

"All are but broken lights of thee,
For thou, O truth, art more than they."

M.

Josh Billings says: "God save the phools, and don't let 'em run out, for if it wasn't for them wise men couldn't get a living."

A punster says, "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset."

A Washington paper gets off the following:—Why is a crazy oil-speculator like the Secretary of the Navy? He is giddy on wells.

A clergyman in a recent sermon said that the path of rectitude had been travelled so little of late years that it had completely run to grass. "Why aint hay cheaper, then?" soliloquized Digby.

Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there is no parting there.—WASH. REPUBLICAN.

UNCLE ZEB.

BY MRS. E. H. STODDARD.

Uncle Zeb's monument is under my window in the yard,—its top in a rosebush, and its base on a bed of pinks. The stone-cutter brought it on a truck, and with an air of irreverence launched it into its present position. Uncle Zeb ordered the monument the day after he made his will, and left the duty of paying for it to his executors, although he lived long enough afterward to pay for a dozen of the most elaborate workmanship. This monument is a deceptive affair, like most tombstones; a wreath of heartsease is carved round the open book on the square of the pedestal, and a column runs up from it, ornamented with the long stems and flowers of the white water-lily. As I hang over the window-ledge, my recollections of Uncle Zeb assume the shape of imps which grin at me through the meshes of the lily-stems, and they slide their elfish fingers over the stony leaves of the book, as if they were writing the true story of a life that I alone can read.

My first remembrance of Uncle Zeb dates from an early period of childhood. One day, while I was at my grandfather's, I heard a bustle in the front entry, and a noise like that of the dropping of trunks.

Old Lizzy Bowles, an ancient hanger-on of the establishment, told me that my Uncle Zeb had "come in from a vy'ge," and that I must go into the east room and shake hands with him. I went into the room quietly, and looked out of the window first, where I saw Uncle Zeb's ship, the *DRYAD*, swinging at anchor, a mile down the harbor. I then turned and looked at Uncle Zeb, who was toasting himself by a roaring fire which burned in a Franklin stove.

He was in that condition of roasted helplessness, which a wood-fire always engenders in one on a wet damp day. He strove to mitigate the smart of his shins by continually changing one leg over the other, and he held his baked hands between his crimson face and the fire. He looked at me from behind them a moment, and then reached up to the mantle, and took from it a present which he brought from Liverpool. It was a red and white cow and calf of earthenware, the like of which had never been seen by any juvenile in our primeval village. As he gave it to me he called me a trollop, and said I looked like my mother. Grandmother, who was knitting a blue stocking in a corner remote from the fire, said, "Sho, Zeb!"

This was my first interview with my relative, and my last present. I retired to the kitchen, and to old Lizzy, who told me about the cargo of crockery which she said Uncle Zeb was going to sell in New York, and make a fortune by.

Uncle Zeb was then about thirty; he had made several voyages previous to the one I spoke of, and was already well to do. My father was some years younger, and at the beginning of Uncle Zeb's sea-life, was a strippling, lounging about home in a round jacket.

It sometimes happens in a well-regulated family, that one of its members is overlooked; he is never especially noticed by the rest, and his future is not thought of.

My father happened to be the ignored one in his family, and to that fact I ascribe the difference between him and his relations. His idiosyncrasy got no twist from their sympathy. But my father was in love; boy as he was, he thought of marriage, and the way to live afterward.

The girl he loved was a poor tailoress; in fact, she made his homespun jackets. She was older than her lover, and had made his jackets with equanimity, while he wore them in a tempestuous state of mind.

Grandmother was the Squire's wife; she felt above the poor tailoress. An impartial mind would perhaps have found it difficult to establish the lines of superiority, for grandmother herself sold milk from her kitchen every day, and did not disdain to keep the milk-score with chalk on her yellow buttery door. The tailoress was very handsome, and very resolute. She would wear feathers in her bonnet; and every Sunday she went to church dressed in better taste than anybody beside,—the handsomest Presbyterian of them all. Most of all, grandmother disliked her because my father loved her. And Uncle Zeb had a weakness in that direction; but it was obscured by selfishness, and died out in moral laziness.

Uncle Zeb went his voyages, and my father, who did not know what else to do, went to sea also; not having any help from grandfather, he was obliged, of course, to ship before the mast, and went under the command of Captain Southerd, a neighboring farmer, who planted turnips, and carted wood and hay to market, in the intervals between his voyages. Nearly all the inhabitants of our little town were amphibious. The boys took to the water like spaniels; their first toys were punts, and skiffs, and rafts. The men, when they were not sailors, were ship-carpenters. The land-owners put their savings into small vessels, which coasted from Maine to Florida, and even went on six months' trips into the Atlantic for whales.

Uncle Zeb and his brother did not meet often. When one was at home the other was generally away. Uncle Zeb bought up the *DRYAD*, piece by piece, and went in her to all the trading ports in the world, from St. Petersburg to Calcutta. The merchants from whom he purchased his cargoes, or to whom they were consigned, invited him to their houses, and in this way he picked up bits of eccentricity, which he grafted upon his ordinary manners, and made a very strange compound of himself. At home he travestied foreign ways, and introduced unheard of fashions in grandfather's house. He swore beautifully in all languages; but his native damns never left him, any more than his appetite forsook him for salt junk and grog, after he had learned to like what he called foreign kickshaws.

Father plodded along on small wages, and had a remote hope of reaching the cabin. When ashore, he lounged in his round jacket, and kept on loving my mother, who waited in patience for a turn in the long lane of their courtship. She snubbed Uncle Zeb whenever she had a chance, and always inquired about

father, of him, by the name of Esau. Grandfather, as well as Uncle Zeb, grew comfortably rich. His investments in sloops and schooners were fortunate ones, and he talked of buying a ship to fit out for a whaler. Feeling the need of a helper, for the first time in his life he turned his attention toward his youngest son, who was then at home, waiting for Captain Southerd to harvest his turnips. A proposal of partnership was made to father, which he accepted; and thus his sea life ended. He was married at once, and he and mother took to housekeeping with one feather-bed, six small silver spoons, and a hearty affection for each other. Father applied himself to business, and the house that was thus founded became in a few years one of the richest and most influential in our part of the country. Grandfather very soon saw that it would only be necessary for him to take his share of the profits, and that he could safely give up all business matters to his partner.

In a year from the date of their marriage I was born, and at the time of Uncle Zeb's arrival from Liverpool with my cow and calf, I was five years old. That voyage was the last one that Uncle Zeb made. Finding us prosperous, he concluded to retire from business. He invested his money outside of the family-interest, but considerably took up his abode with grandfather, and indulged grandmother with the care of him. He occupied himself with watching the domestic and business transactions of the house of A. G. & Son, and banking his money as fast as it came in.

For a few years I cannot remember much concerning Uncle Zeb; the traits I recall belong to my present knowledge of him. When I went to school, it was one of my recreations to go to grandfather's to dinner at mid-day, and one of my miseries to sit next to Uncle Zeb at the table. His dog, "Die," squatted on the other side of him. We had to wait till Uncle Zeb was carefully helped, by himself, to all the best bits on the table. Then he would give Die a titbit, making her snap her jaws for it, and then one to me. A snarling was kept up between him and the dog through the whole meal.

He would not have the potatoes on the table, they must be kept hot on the kitchen fire; so Grandmother sat fork in hand, watching him; when he wanted one, she fished it from the kettle, and he ate it scalding hot, with noise. Grandmother occupied a child's high chair, and wore a black satin hood over her high crowned cap. She never dined or supped till after Uncle Zeb; and I had the best of times after he and Die had retired from the table. Grandmother took excellent care of her graceless son. He wore ruffled cambric shirts: and many an afternoon when the sun's rays slanted through the narrow kitchen windows, and made her resemble, in her shining spectacles, an owl, have I seen her laboriously plait his ruffles with a case-knife. On Sundays she combed his hair; it was fine and straight, and of the color of wet sand. It was unchanged to the day of his death. On Sunday afternoon he went to church in a great camelot cloak, and carried a cane with leather tassels. He listened to the sermon with an air of respect, and broke Grandmother's heart with deriding it after he got home.

Now and then he had a visitor, some piratical looking captain or foreign merchant; the

visitor was never introduced to any of the household, but was entertained in the parlor with tumblers of red wine and equivocal stories. As he never minded whether I came or went, I sometimes had the benefit of the latter. His laughter always arrested me; it contradicted him, it was so racy and hearty. His teeth glittered in his sardonic face, and lighted it up; they were long, white, and regular, and like his hair they never changed.

Two visits per diem were Uncle Zeb's allowance for our house. The first was made an hour or so after dinner, when he loitered in the kitchen, and tickled the servant girls or poked them with his cane. Afterward, with his hat in his hand, he sought mother, and however long his stay, he held his cane and hat as if on a visit of ceremony. He talked well; he was sarcastic and witty, and never bored anybody. The second visit was made after supper, when father was at home. There was no confidence between the brothers, and no sympathy; but they passed cigars to each other, and enveloped themselves in clouds of smoke, and discoursed through it on commonplace subjects.

As soon as I was fledged, I was sent to boarding-school. My vacations were short, and I did not observe what went on at home; things seemed to run smoothly in the grooves of habit. I accepted appearances for realities. The business of A. G. & Son had greatly increased. All the year through, their ships were arriving in port, or were fitting for sea. Our household was a gay one, and grandfather's house was full of comers and goers. He knew little of the private affairs of the concern, but smoked his pipe, and burnt holes with its falling ashes in his fine blue pantaloons, in peace and tranquillity. Uncle Zeb had given up ruffled shirts, and had taken to Marryatt's novels. He neither bought nor sold; he never gave advice, or asked an opinion. He had a habit of going to funerals, but he went in a cheerful state of mind, as if the deceased had done him a favor by dying. He was respected as a moneyed man. The world admires what it dare not be a consistent, selfish skeptic; and our little world gave its admiration to my hard-headed Uncle Zeb. He was cautious, because he was cold—prudent, because he was indifferent. As a token of the respect of his townsmen, he was elected representative, and had a seat in the State House for several years. He brought home a great many volumes of revised statutes, which grandmother stored in the garret, with the dried herbs. What he did as a member of the honorable body of representatives nobody knew. He only spoke of the toughness of the pie-crust, and the hardness of his bed at his boarding-house.

When I was eighteen I left school and came home for good. I was the only young woman in the family connection, and was considered worthy of much attention. Uncle Zeb, however did not like me. He had his way of exasperating me. He always talked as if he knew that I must know that virtue was only a pretence. It was a game we were all playing. It was becoming in a woman to affect modesty; it was her capital. He gave me credit for shrewdness, and he had no doubt but that I should play my cards admirably. If I grew enraged at him, he laughed at me; but some times I made his cold blue eyes gleam with

anger by telling him one or two unpleasant truths. His manner was usually deferential to women; but his ribaldry would break out now and then, and I have known him to be as coarse as Rabelais in a room full of ladies. It was done with an air, as if he were obliging us with his candid wit.

It was not long after my return from school when I perceived that something weighed on father's mind. When I accompanied him on his many drives from one business place to another, I saw the mask of cheerfulness drop from his face; he was absent-minded and silent. One day when we were alone, I begged him to tell me what troubled him, and then he owned to me that his business affairs were vexing him; that things had been going behindhand for a year; but I must say nothing of this, for he had hopes of being able to overcome his difficulties. Independent of his business perplexities, the keeping it secret was a trouble; he dared not retrench any expense, and he feared the effect of the truth on grandfather, who was becoming childish. We went on this way for two years; plan after plan of salvation failed; but father's energy and good temper never left him. One day I thought of Uncle Zeb. "Why won't he," I said to myself, "put some of his thousands to the wheel?" I determined to tell him the state of affairs; I did not expect much from his generosity, but something from his pride; and thought, too, that his shrewdness might enable him to make something eventually out of any loan he might offer. So I sought him, and found him lying on the floor in the East Room asleep. I roused him, and did not wait for him to open his eyes before I began my tale. When I had finished, he eyed me for a moment, and said:

"So, you'll have to come down. Your devil's pride will be broken."

I stared mutely at him, but inwardly called myself a fool.

"I'll see," he said, "about buying up the family acres when the crash comes; but as for piling my money on the ruins of your father's speculations—that I won't do. Go home, if your father knew this he would pull your ears, though he is idiot enough not to do it."

I rose from my chair, looking, no doubt, just as I felt, for he laughed, and said, "Kick, me if you like."

I went home thoroughly miserable, and did not report my interview, while Uncle Zeb on his part was silent also; but I did much mischief that day, and Uncle Zeb did a good stroke of business out of the capital which I had furnished him.

About this time Grandmother was persuaded to take an assistant—one who should unite in herself the qualities of companion and housekeeper. As there exists such a race of females, one was easily found. She was a remote cousin (this race is apt to be distantly related) and lived forty miles away, in Grandmother's native place. Her name was Nancy Goring; her age thirty-five. She was poor, intelligent, proud and adroit. She had pretty, delicate hands, a large nose, and wore her hair parted at the side of her head. Her wardrobe was neat, but scanty; and Grandmother, who believed in making people happy as far as good clothes and food went, bought material for dresses and petticoats, and the companion's first duty was to make them up. After the

dresses were made, she was allowed to knit and to sweep a little; but Grandmother's pride was still too great to allow herself to be supplanted in housekeeping.

Uncle Zeb proposed the position of hair-comber to Nancy, as Grandmother's eyesight was failing, and whenever she combed his hair now she fell asleep, and made an irregular thing of it. Nancy accepted; and from that time she began to pay him all sorts of delicate attentions, from cutting his finger-nails and tying his cravat, to mixing his grog and looking over his accounts. Uncle Zeb understood Nancy's devotion to him; but Nancy was very uncertain as to the nature of his feelings for her. She was desperately bent on turning Uncle Zeb from the errors of a bachelor into the merits of a husband. She watched him and followed him, and grovelled about him; but all in vain. Uncle Zeb never gave way. One day Grandmother's eyes were opened. She found Nancy, with a red silk handkerchief of Uncle Zeb's in her hand, which she had rolled into a tight ball, imprecating its owner hysterically.

The next day Nancy returned to her native place.

Our evil days drew near. A ship—the one father depended on as his last hope—made a broken voyage, and he was obliged to succumb. The house of A. G. & Son failed. A few days before the public announcement of the failure he told it to his family. Then Uncle Zeb played his part. He behaved as if he had received an insult from father; he glowered with rage, and cursed him for his duplicity and foolishness. How dared he disgrace the name with failure and poverty? Had he given up all his property to his creditors? He himself had taken what measures he could to save some little from the wreck; and then it came out that he had obtained from Grandfather every cent of his private property: deeds had been signed by Grandfather in Uncle Zeb's favor, merely, as Uncle Zeb had told him, to make him safe if ever a rainy day came along. He had not made any nice distinctions between personal property and that which belonged to the firm, but had clawed into his possession all he could, and left the reputation of it to rest on father, if possible, if the creditors should discover it, and make allowance for it in the settlement.

The failure came out, and our house was besieged from morning till night by creditors. They were the more angry for its being unexpected. They not only wanted their money, but an explanation. Father had his office closed, and staid at home to receive them. The parlor was full of ledgers, and councils were held over them, during which his character and conduct were discussed as if he had not been present. Not being a creditor, Uncle Zeb was denied the pleasure of being a member of the council; but he came and went a dozen times a day, without speaking to one of us. He went about the ship-yards poking the timber with his cane, as if he would like to hurt it, and I saw him on the wharf studying the spars of the vessels. He was taking much more exercise than he had been accustomed to, and it evidently did not agree with him.

His ownership in certain properties was denied by the creditors; but they could not prove that the large homestead which had been Grandfather's belonged to the firm; so

it passed into Uncle Zeb's keeping. But the creditors increased the percentage of what father was to pay on his debts, in consequence.

So we were ruined. Father made some arrangement by which his parents were not disturbed in their way of living; but mother, and the rest of us, gave up our purple and fine linen. Although Uncle Zeb lived in his own house now, the expenses of living were not defrayed by him, but by A. G. & Son. But if he did not complain, who should? He felt contempt for father; at the same time, I believe he had some admiration for his dignity and patience. Uncle Zeb was too clear-minded not to understand himself. He began to hate himself, and this self-hatred made him reckless; from this time he gave rein to his evil nature, and his pace was awful.

The next year Grandfather died, and was buried with his fathers, who slept under the mossy slate-stones of the Puritan times. Meanwhile father had prospered; he had paid within a twelvemonth the demands of his creditors, and had something left to begin the world again.

Another female cousin had come to reside with Grandmother, who dozed perpetually, or bemoaned Grandfather piteously. The cousin's name was Sally Packer, a middle-aged woman, who lived on patent medicine, took snuff, and believed in signs. She was wonderfully ignorant, but full of that low cunning which serves such people instead of knowledge. She had a faculty for mending broadcloth, and she was always at Uncle Zeb's clothes. Her waxed thread was whizzing through them from morning till night. She did not profess to know much, she said, but she would like to see the woman who understood tailoring better. She called Uncle Zeb a "superior being," and talked to him about property; her respect for money was immense. Her manner toward him was full of humility, and if he came near her, she made a feint of retreating, at the same time casting her small eyes upward with an adoring expression. She meekly offered her snuff-box to him whenever she took a pinch, and after a little he fell into the habit of snuffing with her. He employed a portion of his time in experimenting with alcohol. Cloudy tumblers stood on the shelves with curious mixtures in them—a sediment of rhubarb overlaid with brandy, or gin and senna, or pounded Brandreth's pills in Jamaica rum. He had a theory that if physic was taken with a dram it could have no deleterious effect. Night and day he drank his compounds. He set his bed on fire; he fell on the dining-table and crashed the dishes; he rolled off his horse with his feet in the stirrup; he laid in the street. But Sally Packer was his providence; she kept harm away from him. She dragged him to bed; she washed him; she dressed him, and she fed him—and he cursed her.

The consequence of his theories was, that one morning he woke up with a paralysis, and father was obliged to take charge of him. Tenderly and mercifully he cared for him, for he was speechless and helpless. Sally Packer hustled him about as if he were a baby. How he wanted to rail at her! His eyes glared and burned with rage whenever he saw father come into his room. One night his watcher was startled from a nap by the sight of Uncle Zeb in the middle of the floor.

"My cursed tongue is loose," he said, "and I can walk. Get out of the way!"

He wrapped the counterpane round his gaunt form, and tottered down-stairs into the street. He leaned against the fence and looked up to the sky and chafed his feeble hands, and then crept back to bed; but from that night he was better, and soon became well.

Grandmother soon followed Grandfather, and slept near him in the same narrow bed. Sally Packer asked leave to remain long enough after the funeral to put the house in order. It was granted, and it took her years to do it—in fact, the house was never in order afterward; and so she staid. She convinced Uncle Zeb that no one could take care of him better than she could. She told him that the selfish world might say she expected to be remembered in his will; but it was not so. She had a good home of her own in Swampscot; a house, which, although it was not plastered, did not leak a drop, and there was as good a well of water close to it as ever was. She was willing to stay just to keep him from being imposed on, although she didn't know but that his relations were as honest as anybody's relations.

No one imposed upon either Uncle Zeb or Sally. The Lares and Penates of the ancient household were broken; its former friends deserted it. It did not agree with Sally Packer's principles to have company: her moral constitution was averse to anything like hospitality. Uncle Zeb was indifferent whether anybody came or went. So Sally kept her ground, and had her own way. Uncle Zeb cursed and ridiculed her every day of her life. She cajoled, and wrangled, and worried, and petted him. Now she complained of being worn out with hard work, and now, that it was a place her betters would be glad to be in.

Both were to be found, usually, in the kitchen of the old mansion, a low-ceiled, dingy room, with a great brick hearth, on which Sally had ranged for convenience a row of pots and kettles. A fire burned, Summer and Winter, on the great iron dogs. Sally's chair was in one corner of the hearth, where she could poke the fire, or stir the contents of the pots and kettles; her snuff-box, and comb, and an almanac, were on the shelf above the fire. Her hair was thick and gray, and she was fond of combing it when she had a leisure moment. She wore short dresses of black bombazine, which never required washing, and went bare-legged; her shoes were made of coarse carpet on account of her corns. Uncle Zeb generally reclined on a wooden settee under the window; an old woollen cloak, rolled up, served him for a pillow. At the foot of the settee, whenever Uncle Zeb reposed on it, lay an ugly dog, which was Sally's property, by name "Spot." Picked bones, the remains of Spot's feasts, were strewn under the table, and under the settee. Spot had a habit of howling in his sleep, and Uncle Zeb had a habit of kicking him for it. As he declined the trouble of taking off his hat when he laid down, it suffered in looks, and resembled a pair of windless bellows. He took snuff lying down; the result to his nails, and beard, and clothes, was deplorable. After Grandmother's death he resumed the habit of dram-drinking, minus the drugs, in the full expectation of killing himself. He began then to fling his money into wild schemes; he would amuse himself

with using up as much as he could of his property, he said, before he was summoned to move off for good. He had some trouble, for he would not give it away; so he built and rebuilt inconvenient houses, and drained barren fields, and planted in the sand, and blasted rocks, and made roads that led to nowhere.

Everybody now knew Uncle Zeb's character, and he and Sally were the curiosity and aversion of the neighborhood. The old house grew darker and more dismal every day. He was continually cutting doors and passages through the walls; he seemed to have an idea that they would enable him to elude some enemy that might come upon him. Sally had all the carpets taken up and put away, and all the beds stripped. She slept on a stuffed bench outside Uncle Zeb's door. All the furniture was piled away; the looking-glasses were covered, and the shutters of every room were fastened. All she wanted for daily use was congregated in the kitchen, and there she staid as if she were waiting for some event to happen.

Once in a while I lifted the latch of the porch door. Sometimes the inmates noticed me, and sometimes not. Now and then Uncle Zeb would sit up in his crumpled hat, and revive with me his recollections of his voyages, and tell me many a piquant and picturesque anecdote. Sally would also forget herself a moment, and listen with admiring "Laws, Capen Zeb." But oftener I was the silent witness of angry disputes, when she stunned me with her foolishness, and he pained me with his profanity. His common salutation to her was, "You lying jade," whereat she whimpered or scolded, according to the mood of the moment.

Father remonstrated with him once, but Uncle Zeb drove him away. He made his will soon afterward, and ordered the monument of which I have spoken; but his constitution was an iron one, and it bore much before he had a second stroke of paralysis. When he did, his case was at once hopeless, and father again took the post of an only friend. Sally was at her wit's end. She threw the medicine out of the window, and whispered about poison. She shook Uncle Zeb to make him speak. She talked and cried over him, till father was obliged to turn her from the room.

The night he died father staid by his bedside. About one o'clock Uncle Zeb turned over, the first time he had moved since the stroke. His fingers trembled toward father's. The first kindly look he ever gave his brother, beamed in his wild eyes then. Faint broken words struggled on his lips; but it was too late for speech—"Your wife, Mary," was all he said,—so he went out of this world, an unhappy mutilated spirit.

The homestead reverted to father; but it stands empty. The doors and passages which Uncle Zeb cut are open: and the beds that Sally stripped, still stand bare. No one has been there since the day of the funeral.

The use of a comma is ingeniously illustrated by Orpheus C. Kerr. By misplacing a comma, he completely changes the sense of the scriptural passage, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion;" making it read: "The wicked flee, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is bold as a lion."

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OUR NEW ISSUE.

The first number of the new issue of the SATURDAY PRESS will probably be ready in about three weeks. If it is delayed beyond that time, the fault will be the printer's, type-founder's, or paper-maker's. In all other respects, our arrangements are completed.

The general spirit of the paper, as we said last week, will remain the same. It will be the old SATURDAY PRESS, only "more so." The humorous department, in particular, will not only be kept up, but considerably extended.

We do not say that the PRESS shall be the "PUNCH of America"—as it has already been called on the other side—for to issue a comic paper is not exactly our object; but we can safely promise that it shall be a sprightly and even a witty paper, since among the contributors already engaged are some of the sprightliest and wittiest writers in the land.

Whatever demand there may be among us for ponderous, elaborate, reformatory, æsthetic, Podsnappian weeklies, we should say was pretty well supplied. The great desideratum is a weekly that shall be critical without being pedantic, dignified without being stupid, sprightly without being superficial, humorous without being vulgar, witty without being waspish, and moral without being pharisaical: and it is precisely this desideratum that it will be the aim and the ambition of the SATURDAY PRESS to meet.

Gerhard's splendid full-length portrait of Col. Barstow, of Gen. Hooker's staff, has been on exhibition, this last week, at Goupil's, and has excited deserved attention.

A correspondent writes that the real meaning of the picture recently posted about town by Kehoe, is that "One Year after using Kehoe's Clubs" a man will appear in all his naked strength.

A physiological teacher having put up in his class-room the device "Mens sana in corpore sano," one of his young lady pupils wrote under it: "And Women's also."

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

A particularly night-blooming and serious young gentleman, who can be seen hanging about the theatres at any time after dusk and up to the period of adjourning to Pfaff's or the De Soto, has just sent me a highly scented billet-doux with his arms (or legs, I can't make out which,) at the head, wherein he "begs to present his compliments and to ask, if it is not impertinent, why Figaro, who usually commences his Feuillettons in such a sprightly vein, should invariably taper them off with a series of stereotyped allusions to places of amusement which he has evidently not visited and about which he writes with the stupidity of an owl, the blindness of a bat, and the obstinacy of an animal which it would not be polite to mention."

Thank you, my night-blooming friend: I had no idea you were so well versed in natural history.

Moreover, I am astonished to find that you have been such a close student of these Feuillettons.

Upon my word, you must be the original "prodigious son."

And only to think that you have discovered my secret, too,—have actually found out that I do not go to all the places I write of, and when I haven't been to a place, decline even to make fun of it!

Never mind; the cat is now out of the bag, and I must make the best of it.

I suppose, my dear PRESS, if I were as brilliant as other people, it would require only the touch of my pen to make any subject, whether I was familiar with it or not, glow and flash with all the prismatic splendor of "Silvester's Magic Fountain,"—which, by the way, if you want a sensation, you must go to Wood's Theatre some of these nights and see, and then run round to Harry Clifton's and hear the Professor tell what an immense success it had in London, and what trouble the Hanlons and he had in getting it over to New York and making it play here.

I don't know that you approve of fountains and such-like vanities in a theatre; but Wood, who sees sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and gold in everything, thinks them perfectly legitimate.

I am not without hope that, some day or other, he will think that even a good company is perfectly legitimate.

His present one—minus Chanfrau, young Davenport, Mrs. Wright, and Mrs. Tyrell—would scarcely shine, except on a very dark night, in Peoria.

Chanfrau, however, is almost a company in himself.

I saw him, the other night, in "The Widow's Victim," and he was Forrest, the elder Booth, Burton, Charles Kean, Barney Williams, and others, so to the life, that when he became "himself again" I hardly recognised him.

You know the piece, of course, and how stupid it is: well, the stupidities are carefully preserved, but Chanfrau (assisted by Davenport as Byron-Tremaine-Pelham

Dodge and Mrs. Tyrell as Jane O'Rourke) overrides them all; and not only in his imitations, but in the character-parts of "Jeremiah Clip," "Timed John," and "Moustache Scrapado," exhibits such versatility and power, that were the piece ten times as stupid as it is (admitting the horrid possibility) you could not help being delighted.

"For myself, I was carried away by it—literally carried away, for I didn't stop to see "The Balloon Wedding" again, though I insist that it is a capital extravaganza, and, properly put upon the stage, would have been found fully worthy even of the author of "The Seven Sisters."

However, it has "gone up" now, and its place is supplied by Chanfrau's "Toodles," which is as different from Clarke's (to be precise) as Clarke's is from Burton's: the peculiarity of Clarke's is, that it has more "rum and recklessness" in it than both the others put together—which may explain its success.

In case the Toodles business doesn't take, it will be followed by Chanfrau's "Mose," which is a sure card at any time, and is always well played.

None of this business is very "legitimate" to the æsthetic mind; but the æsthetic mind can go to the Winter Garden and see "Hamlet," or to Wallack's and see "The Rivals": it may find "Henry Dunbar," to be sure, at the one place, and "Ruy Blas" or "Pizarro" at the other, but disappointments will happen to the best of us.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that in the matter of æsthetics, my education was sadly neglected: in fact, I hardly know what they are, and am constantly confounding them with anæsthetics.

Some one said to me, the other day, that it wasn't æsthetic to allow the Hanlon Brothers to play in a theatre—that they ought to be confined to circuses, etc.

I am not sure but he said they should be made to live in tents—a suggestion which they would receive with intense disgust, if you can see the joke.

But meantime the Hanlons do play in a theatre, and everybody who sees them—the æsthetic people included—is charmed with them.

I remember that three or four years ago they appeared, night after night, before immense houses at the Academy of Music; and I also remember that so graceful and perfect were they in all their performances, and so free were they from everything which could offend the most delicate taste, that most of us were glad that the Academy had been opened to them: in fact, not a few of us, who look upon gymnastics as an important branch of physical culture and deserving high rank as a science, feel that to be a great gymnast is quite as reputable as to be a great singer or a great actor.

But I am getting too serious on the subject, and here comes a note from a friend which gives me an excuse for dropping it:

MY DEAR FIGARO:—

Among the many extraordinary feats performed by the Hanlon Brothers, one is so truly wonderful that it should be described—though I fear a description will be almost as difficult as the feat itself.

In the first place, three of the Hanlons run upon the stage and leap upon each other's shoulders: then the top one jumps into the air and turns a back somersault, during which time the centre one jumps to the ground. Simultaneously, the top Hanlon lands on the shoulders of the bottom one, taking the place of Hanlon Number 2, who just now occupied the centre. This requires the most perfect

able judgment, and in a calculation of time all but incredible; for should the leader occupying the centre leave his post an instant too late, or otherwise be a shade too tardy in his movements, he would inevitably vary the position of the top man, who, in his turn, must be exact in his calculations, neither turning too much or too little, but descending exactly in line to enable the bottom man (who must be as solid as a rock to stand the shock he receives) to catch him.

I believe the feat has never before been done, and for this reason I send you this brief account of it. The performers are George, Frederick, and Thomas Hanlon—George being the top man, Frederick the centre, and Thomas the base. The most difficult part of the act is, of course, George's, though Frederick has to be equally nice in his calculation, while Thomas stands the brunt of the whole affair at the pretty serious risk of his neck.

Yours truly,

CALISTHENUS.

I should add that the Hanlons close their engagement at Wood's Theatre this evening (except so far as their "Magic Fountain" is concerned, which plays nearly as well as they do), and that before long they hope to have an establishment of their own, with a stage big enough for all their exercises.

I don't think they'll appear in another "Balloon Wedding"—unless they know something in advance about the mounting. [By the way, what got into your old types, last week, to make me say that the "B.W." was taken from *Le Mariage de Mardi-Gras*—which is pure nonsense—when I wrote *La Mariée du Mardi-Gras*? For Heaven's sake, don't make me blunder in my French.]

And now it just occurs to me how lucky—or otherwise, as the case may be—it is for any place of amusement when I commence writing about it first; no other ever gets half a show.

For instance, after giving up all this space, to-day, to Wood's Theatre, I am disinclined to drop it, even now, from a desire to preach you a sermon from the text of Gayler's "Child-Stealer," which is to be brought out there presently with Miss Lucille Western, and which suggests a preachment as long as the moral law.

However, the sermon will keep; so, at the risk of moving, once more, the tasteful mirth of my night-blooming friend, I will dispose of the rest of my budget in that summary manner which inspired him to write the above-printed logical—not to say zoological—epistle.

Wallack's Theatre, however, I should not have dismissed summarily, but for the fact that my tickets for "The Rivals" (revived last Wednesday) failed to reach me in season, and when the evening came there was no procuring any short of bargaining with the Hebrew speculators, which I am not up to.

Meanwhile I learn, by the unanimous testimony of the papers, that the piece was splendidly done, and read in the *World* that Mr. Robinson, who played the part of Captain Absolute, contrived to shed his resemblance to Prince Albert, and make up like George Washington—which makes me doubly regret that I was not "there to see."

How strong the general cast of the piece is you can judge by the following copy of it:

Captain Absolute	Mr. Frederick Robinson
Acres	Mr. Charles Fisher
Sir Anthony Absolute	Mr. Mark Smith
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. J. C. Williamson
David	Mr. George Holland
Pat	Mr. Young
Lydia Langrish	Miss Mary Gannon
Julia	Miss Madeline Henriques
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. Vernon
Lucy	Mrs. John Sefton

I am counting, now, accidents excepted, on seeing the performance next Monday to-

night there is to be a repetition of "Heavy Dunbar," which seems to be the most popular play, despite its horrors (or, perhaps, because of them) which Wallack has brought out this season.

What I regret most, at the moment, is not having gone to the Olympic, on Thursday night, to see Mr. E. L. Davenport as Sir Giles Overreach, which he played so superbly some time since at Wallack's; but, as you know, I was at work that evening preparing for the new issue of the *SATURDAY PRESS*—which I may say here, lest your modesty should restrain you from doing so, is to be just the handsomest, brightest, wittiest, widest-awake sheet ever issued this side of Paris.

All I hope is to be able to keep up my end of it, to accomplish which, I grant you, I shall have to follow up the theatres far more closely than I have chosen to of late, and I hereby pledge myself to do so, if it costs me half a dozen free tickets a night.

All I want to bargain for is, not to go to Matinées except at the Academy of Music (which I see will be reopened by Maretzek next Thursday with "L'Africaine"), and to be let up as much as possible on the Irish drama till we have Glenny or Dan. Bryant again.

Theatrical Matinées are charming, no doubt, to people who can't go to the play in the evening; but to me, who go (or ought to) nearly every evening, they haven't even enough attraction to draw me out to see Edwin Booth's *Ruy Blas*, which accordingly I did not see last Wednesday, though I hear that nearly everybody else did, and went away rejoicing.

I might have made amends by going to see "Pizarro" in the evening—but human nature is human nature, and Pizarro, in any late way of producing it, is rather too much for me; so please, Mr. Stuart,

"At the close of the day when the Hamlet is still,"

(the application is Willie Winter's) give us something a little more endurable.

But I forget, "Hamlet" is to be played but once or twice more, and then we are to have "Richelieu," and, let us hope, something after the Matinées not in too violent a contrast to it.

Apropos of Matinées, there appears to be a general call for a "Leah Matinée" at Niblo's, and Manager Wheatley will do well to respond to it.

Miss Bateman's Leah is undoubtedly the most popular performance now on the boards in New York, and there are thousands desiring to see it, who can do so only in the daytime: give them a chance.

To-day, by the way, John Owens gives another of his delicious "Solon Shingle Matinées" at the Broadway; while at Wood's Theatre and at the Winter Garden there will probably be Wednesday Matinées to the end of the season.

The magnificent fountain at Wood's will call out all the children, who will fancy they are seeing a picture from the "Arabian Nights."

The only other Matinées that I can think of are the grand equestrian ones given every day at the New York Circus; the dramatic, equestrian, and general ones (also given every day) at Barnum's Museum; and the Philharmonic Matinées at the Academy, one of which is announced for to-day at ten o'clock.

The Philharmonics also give a concert this evening with an orchestra some eighty strong, which will execute Mozart's Symphony No. 1, in D; Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony, "An Episode in the Life of an artist," and one or two other morsels; while Mr. Wehli will execute several *tours de force* on the piano.

And speaking of Wehli, I should have said, just now, that he, too, is in the Matinée line, and will give one more (that's all) next Wednesday, at Wallack's, when I predict that he will receive more left-handed compliments than ever—that is, if he continues to play so well with his left hand.

Wehli appears to make as much of a stir among the connoisseurs, virtuosi, etc., as Harry Sanderson did a while ago—which reminds me that Harry is to appear again, to-night, at Irving Hall, assisting, with Castle, Campbell, Seguin, and others, at the concert of Miss Zelda Harrison, which promises to be a genuine musical fête.

And now, O patientest of Editors, I will let you up, closing, as I begun, with a note—for this has been the most notable week (please do laugh at this joke) which I have had this long time.

Of course I can't print all the notes that are sent to me, until you double the size of the *PRESS*; but the following one is too grave to be omitted:

NEW YORK, January 26, 1886.

TO THE DRAMATIC EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY PRESS:

MY DEAR SIR:—As I have commenced legal proceedings against George Wood, agent and manager for the lessee of Wood's Theatre, in matters connected with the production of the "Balloon Wedding," I abstain from making the apologies due from me to the public for its performance in the shape it was presented, until the subject has been adjudicated upon by the court.

I remain, sir,

Yours truly,

THOS. B. DE WALDEN.

I should like to take a part in this little quarrel between De Walden and Wood; but life is short and I am afraid I must leave them to settle it between themselves.

So ta-ta, Mr. Editor, till I have time to think the matter over.

Yours, waiting anxiously for the "New Issue,"

FIGARO.

P. S. Please note that Mr. Humphrey Bland, one of the most accomplished and gentlemanly actors in town, takes his benefit at the Winter Garden on Wednesday, the 7th instant—and do what you can to make it a bumper.

Your friend "Wild Egerton," has gone to deliver his lecture in Chicago. When there, his foot is on his native heath and his name is McVicker. I read his lecture through just before he left, and assure you it gives the spiciest account of New York that I have seen. For his size, W. E. is one of the brightest men I know of.

Your other friend, "Josh Billings," is to lecture next Thursday and Friday evening at the Tremont Temple in Boston: subject—"Putty and Varnish; or, Pontoon Philosophy." F.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.—Ex.

CAPRICE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

She hung the cage at the window:
 "If he goes by," she said,
 "He will hear my robin singing;
 And when he lifts his head,
 I shall be sitting here to sew,
 And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love-sweet song,
 The young man raised his head;
 The maiden turned away and blushed:
 "I am a fool!" she said,
 And went on brodering in silk,
 A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

II.

The young man loitered slowly
 By the house three times that day;
 She took her bird from the window:
 "He need not look this way."
 She sat at her piano long,
 And sighed, and played a death-sad song.

But when the day was done, she said,
 "I wish that he would come!
 Remember, Mary, if he calls
 To-night—I'm not at home."
 So when he rang, she went—the elf!
 She went and let him in herself.

III.

They sang full long together
 Their songs love-sweet, death-said;
 The robin woke from his slumber,
 And rang out, clear and glad.
 "Now go!" she coldly said; "'tis late;"
 And followed him—to latch the gate.

He took the rose-bud from her hair,
 While, "You shall not!" she said;
 He closed her hand within his own,
 And while her tongue forbade,
 Her will was darkened in the eclipse
 Of blinding love upon his lips.

(From the London Argosy.)

AN APOLOGY FOR THE NERVES.

Considered as white threads, efferent or afferent, belonging either to the cerebro-spinal or sympathetic system, the nerves require, so far as I am aware, no apology. An apology for the glands, or the tendons, or the madulla oblongata would be just as much to the purpose. We know that between dogmatism and final causes men fall to the ground; and that Paley has, in his *Natural Theology*, felt it polite to offer something like an apology for cork-trees, for which he could find no ginger-beer bottles. But if the reader expects any of the crudities of physiology in this paper he will be disappointed: pretty certainly he does not expect any, but he must be a very small reader if his experience has not taught him that he must constantly submit to be informed of unnecessary things. It is part of the established economy of the essay to exclude, with flourishes of phrase, what no human being would ever suppose was going to be taken in.

The nerves, then, for our present purpose, are, "as one should say," the nerves! If, as scientific men assure us, there is, without nerve, no thought (this deviation from the rule just laid down is more apparent than real, and if it were real, is only the felicitous exception

which illuminates the rule), we can hardly have too much of the nerves, unless we of thought can have too much. Perhaps it may maliciously be said that we can, and that something depends upon the quality. No doubt; but we can also have too little. Taken absolutely, thought is a good thing, and I appeal to common experience to declare if an excess of a good thing is nature's rule? On the contrary, it is so decidedly her exception that a proverb, of that defiant tone which is usual in proverbs which apply to exceptions, has been made on purpose to include the accident when it does happen to happen. Yet there is such a prejudice against the nerves that even the muscles have been preferred to them, and that, too, in a connection the most unlikely.

No human being has yet pretended to think with his muscles, or feel with his muscles. Who ever heard of the aspiration of a biceps? And yet we have been told of muscular Christians, never of nervous Christians. It is true the phrase Muscular Christianity has been repudiated by Mr. Kingsley, and very properly; but not, as I conceive, on sufficiently broad grounds. A Christian must, like other people, have muscles, macerate him as you will; nor is it easy to conceive him without bones. But I appeal to physiologists whether the sympathetic nervous system is not reckoned a great channel of emotion? (this is another felicitous and illuminating exception, admitted because a solitary exception is always held in suspicion.) The philosophic physiologist is welcome to suggest that the real final synthesis of nature defeats all such distinctions—we can come of us see where *that* drives him to—but, in the meantime, a nervous Christian is a far more natural combination than a muscular one.

The truth, however, is, that the nerves are the objects of systematic enmity and depreciation among mankind at large. Fat, however it may excite complaint in the fat person, is not, I believe, an object of enmity, except in an omnibus, or in some position where it occupies an unusual portion of the planetary space. Prophetic denunciations against such as be fat in Zion are on record; none against such as be nervous. Yet the fat man is tolerated, loved, at worst laughed at; while the nervous man is not only laughed at, he is disliked. But is it fat that has been the chief benefactor of the human race? Was it a fat man that invented printing? Was it a fat man that discovered the circulation of the blood? Was George Stephenson fat? Were the martyrs fat men? Heliogabalus was, but was Antoninus? Julius Cæsar, though for his own selfish ends he preferred fat men about his person, was he fat himself? Was Hampden a fat man? Was Milton? Was Cromwell? Was William III.? No; it was George IV. who was the fat man; and he built the fat pavilion at Brighton. Charles James Fox was fat; but he gambled. Falstaff was fat; but he was not a respectable character. Hamlet, again, was fat; but he believed in ghosts and was a very undecided young man. The fattest man of modern times is a distinguished undertaker—he *may* make good coffins, but I am not a judge of coffins. On the other hand, is Mr. Tennyson fat? Is Mr. John Stuart Mill fat? Is Mr. Browning fat? Is Mr. Gladstone fat? No; the nation would not trust its income with a fat man; it knows

better. The only fat financier I ever heard of was Mr. Hudson, the railway king. Thus, it is with nervous men that we trust our money, and it is from nervous men that we expect all that makes money worth having. Or if this statement should be too wide, let it be met by contradiction—there are plenty of contradictory people in the world—and the other side have too long had it all their own way—have too long been permitted to treat the nervous as not only miserable in themselves but the causes of misery in others.

Part of this results from sheer error in classification. It was with extreme indignation that I once read "Dr. Trotter (of Bath) on the Nervous Temperament"—a book lent to me by a friend, who supposed me to be, as a nervous man, both wretched and a cause of wretchedness. In Dr. Trotter I found an elaborate discussion of—Indigestion! His idea of a nervous person was, I found, a person who had "the wind;" who had a poor appetite; who had ignominious symptoms not to be particularized; who suffered from "borborigmi." And his prescriptions were such beggarly elements as calcined magnesia; gentian; exercise; occupation; and "the warm gums." I returned the book with disgust, assuring my friend that, however nervous I might be, I never had "the wind;" knew nothing of "borborigmi;" ate like a trooper; walked ten miles a day; and had ample "occupation." To this hour I find people who "understand"—ah, how people do "understand" things!—that I am "nervous," suppose that what they call "nervousness" is a sort of disease. They recommend rhubarb, or peppermint-drops, or more exercise, or pale ale. The fact is they do not understand vivacity of sensation. They think it is a complaint, they localize it in the regions under or below the waistband; and prescribe to the "nervous" just as a penguin or a porpoise might prescribe to a darting swallow or a leaping salmon.

Thus, the nervous suffer in popular estimation because they are confounded with the dyspeptic, and, it may be added, with the hysterical. There is a complaint, or manifestation, or something, which in the days of Pamela and Joseph Andrews was known as the megrims, or the doldrums, or the vapors; it was a fine madam's common excuse for not being seen, or for neglecting a duty, and it was supposed to be cured by "Hungary water," for which the modern succedaneum is red lavender. I found all the symptoms of the "megrims" described in Dr. Trotter's book as symptoms of the nervous temperament. In the name of all the nervous I indignantly repel the slander; that is just the way of the world—it never will discriminate. Let hysterics speak for themselves; *we*, the real honest "nervous" ladies and gentlemen, do *not* have "a difficulty in swallowing," and, most distinctly, do *not* have "St. Vitus's dance," which is described by the infamous Trotter as part of the ordinary diagnosis of our temperament! I speak both in sorrow and in anger, but without surprise; for have not many of us, comrades in nervousness, been asked, "What makes you so nervous? You should take tonics!" when we were no more "nervous" in that sense than the jubilant shrimp at sunset, or the lark in the happy agitation of his matin song.

The truth is, the vulgar phlegmatic do not

love to see others busy and brisk. A creature with only a few wheels—say two, at inside and an outside—is naturally jealous of another with a hundred facets, or is at least puzzled by it. So, a crocodile, which takes fifteen minutes to turn round, might fancy a kitten chasing its own tail mad or diseased. True, as we all know, or as the attendants at many places of public entertainment will tell us if we ask, the phlegmatic vulgar are particularly fond of watching machinery in motion, anything that "goes of itself" is a passion with them. But then there is here no room for comparison or jealousy. The phlegmatic man knows that he might stop a steam-bobbin; that, in any case, he can do things the bobbin cannot do, and that *somebody* could make another bobbin. But he cannot repress the disturbing mobility of the nervous man; he may impute "borborrigmi," and recommend potass or cardamoms, or even "the worm gums;" but he could not have given Elizabeth Barrett Browning in charge for reminding him of a fire-fly, or stopped Douglas Jerrold like a steam-bobbin. Thank heavens, we have yet our Magna Charta, our Bill of Rights, our liberty of the subject! *Sunt certi denique fines*—there are limits, and it galls him.

One thing remains—he can confound nervousness with indigestion, and make it odious by malady associations innumerable. It is high time to write this apology, and disclaim the whole, from indescribable agony, and incapacity for business, to the end of the alphabet. We nervous folk have no agony, and are not incapable. Our nerves are not disease, they are capacity; we have as much right to wonder at your lethargy as you at our vivacity.

Nervous people, again, are constantly confounded with ill-tempered people. Now, the one essential condition of ill-temper is stupidity. It is the fool, and the fool only, he who cannot quickly distinguish between accident and design, and readily trace effects to causes, that is angry without cause, or for more than a minute beyond cause.

Now, your nervous man is not often a fool—how should he be;—and is rarely *absurd* in his anger. It is true he may often be tempted to express his disgust at the ineptitudes of others, but what then? a sensitive creature,

More sensible than are the horns of cockled snails, (is that correct?) must have some means of protecting itself. There are limits to human endurance, and who will have the boldness to fix them? Job was patient, but "did Job e'er lose a barrel of such ale?" When the fire has been let out, and the door left unshut, and the letter put into the wrong box, and the sheet put damp on the bed for the seven times seventieth time; when "gentle dullness," glorying in its shame, has had my right cheek and my left, is the common privilege of speech to be denied me? No, and if my speech is pungent, it is a mercy to gentle dullness, as well as a relief to me. In Homer even the wounded god may complain; is the right of complaint refused to me, because I happen *understand the use of words?*

How is gentle dullness to know its difference *between the nervous people how to hit, and use appropriate and convincing language?* The displeased surprise which the sensitive involuntarily manifest at the "ineptitude of

the inaptitude is a beautiful provision for the education of the human race.

This is a great topic, and worthy of extensive treatment. The average human being, he who is always speaking opprobriously of the nerves, is distinguished by three characteristics:

1. He never knows when a thing is going to happen.
2. He never knows when a thing is happening.
3. He never remembers a thing when it has happened.

These melancholy features, which are, in truth, the brand of inferiority, he turns to a boast. It is the function of the nervous, a function not free from pain, to worry him into proper sensibility. If he knew his place, and his obligations, he would sing hymns in praise of his benefactors:

Who taught me when there was a draught,
And showed me perils fore and aft,
And frowned when I, untimely, laughed?
The Nervous!

Who told me when the glass would rise
Or fall, and with their prophecies
Or recollections, made me wise?
The Nervous!

Who heard a crash before it fell,
And knew things were not going well,
And would some warning story tell?
The Nervous!

Who, when I was a pachyderm,
By many a proper, piercing term,
Thinned my coarse skin, so hard and firm?
The Nervous!

The difference between the nervous and those who deprecate them is not, however, to be expressed by such a figure as that of a difference in the thickness of the skin. Compared with the phlegmatic vulgar the nervous have *antennae*—they have a sixth sense—a second sight! They "see as from a tower the end of all," when others see only fog. They are the Jessie Browns of every Lucknow.* They are the Hugin and Mugin of Odin's ears. They possess all the fairies' gifts that the unselfish need care for. They carry the turquoise that turns yellow at the approach of a lie; and to make an end of raptures, they have their inconveniences and very often get their light narrow wheels knocked about by the abounding heavy broad wheels of life. But their revenges compensate them. When Count D'Orsay, in his filimly-built chaise, struck off the wheel of a stupid, stolid brewer's dray that obstinately blocked the path, he called it the triumph of mind over matter. Such is the triumph of the nervous element over the phlegmatic element in human affairs. And, if it sometimes gets the worst of it, what then?

"You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!"

Just so; when vulgar brute force runs over Nerve, where is Nerve immediately? Why, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!" It is a glorious mission.

I am told for the thousandth time that this story is not true. (What history is that of mine?) I tell the responsibility back upon the originator—why should we doubt a gentleman's word? "Gentleman, indeed!" says a voice—"It was a penny-a-line!" But surely a man may tell the truth of a penny-a-line—how much more likely to grow fond if you offer him a guinea a line!

All men despise, or think they despise, or pretend to despise, cowards. And this is another misrepresentation—with cowards the nervous are perpetually confounded. Now let us waive all distinctions—which, indeed, can never be made final—between moral and physical courage, and it will certainly not be found that the bravest men are the least nervous. The greatest of the Napiers was an exquisitely nervous man. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton may be said to have died of a fine nervous system—but he had all the instincts and characteristics of a soldier, and sacrificed himself to his father's wish in entering the church instead of the army. The list of illustrative instances might be much extended; but it is unnecessary.

Without pushing beyond the truth and looking candidly round the whole subject, we must all of us see that it is absurd to suppose the highest forms of any inequality exhibited by the lower organizations. The very essence being "nervous" is apprehensiveness, or being quick to apprehend things. This may minister to fearfulness, but it is not fear. The hawk is not afraid of his prey because he sees it afar off, nor the savage of his enemy because he hears the tramp of his advance miles away in the desert. But a nervous writer, using similes like these on a simple subject, in a playful vein, is afraid of making the subject absurd, and stops short!

It may be taken for granted by phlegmatic people that the apprehensiveness of the high nervous temperament is far greater than it appears, or than it can be intelligibly represented to be. We all know the famous Turner anecdote. "Mr. Turner, I never saw blues and reds like yours in the sky!" "No, ma'am; but don't you wish you could?" Now, in reality, no human being need wish to change places with another—it may be my mistake, but I do not believe any human being ever does, or did, or will wish to relinquish his identity: no, not on the rack.

But that the "nerves" see "blue and reds" which others do not see; that the difference between moderate nerve and much nerve is the difference between the apprehensiveness of a baby and the apprehensiveness of a grown person is as certain as that twice three are six.

In reality the old schoolboy story "Eyes and No-Eyes" ought to be called Nerves and No-Nerves; although an image borrowed from the sense of sight may help us to apprehend the difference between an organization like that of the stout tradesman next door, and De Quincey or Hartley Coleridge.

I have often wondered how short-sighted men are affected by female beauty. How do they feel in a ball-room for instance? Necessarily short sight must miss seeing loveliness at the farther end of the room; while ordinary sight might have the whole current of his life changed by it. How ridiculous, one might here say, is our moral criticism of each other, unless we regard it as give-and-take, tit-for-tat—not that my wrongness is lessened by your wrongness, you know, or that moral distinctions are obliterated, but that in what may be called the courtesies of ethics, the mote must remember the beam.

I do not at all know whether human conditions are equally balanced, nor even whether they are "pretty equally" balanced or not. It is often asserted, but nobody knows any

thing about it. But in mere quantity of sensation, the nervous people would probably claim to have the best of it. What, in the pleasures of sense? Yes, certainly, says our nervous friend, a fig for your pleasures of sense! What is "sense?" Do you mean to tell me that the man who could "die of a rose in aromatic pain" does not get more delight out of "sense" than a horn-handed clown? more even at given hours, to say nothing of memory and hope; the echo, the refraction, the resonance, the reduplications of joy?

..... Let spirit star the dome
Of flesh, that flesh may miss no peak!

Do you mean to tell me that if Nerves sees the sun before he rises and after he sets, as well as all the time he is above the horizon, he does not get more pleasure out of the sun? Yes, says No-Nerves, I do mean to say that; he has discounted his pleasure, and his memory is regret. And, ah, how I can plague him! I can bang doors, and stomp about over his head till he maddens! I can spoil all his pleasures by slipping in little sly drops—one drop to a cup is enough!—of poison that others would not taste.

And I know that the shifting winds, and the creeping clouds, the hang of a curl, the delay of a minute, the suspicion that some one is in pain, a knock at the door, a cat on the tiles, a mere film or phantasm of a smile or a frown, can make him uncomfortable? Ah, says Nerves, you know all that, do you? But you do not know enough. This hyperapprehensiveness of mind is far greater than you fancy. You would shrink into nothing, collapse, *zusammenfahren* if you knew it all. You think I am irritable sometimes? In the scientific sense *always*, but in the base sense not so often—

What's done you partly may compute,
But never what's resisted;

and if I were to let you see how much I discern of cause for irritation, you would discern how much I forbear. But life would be impossible to us both if I were to make disclosures. My friend, I not only know that I am surrounded by things and persons as you do; I have in addition an incessant sixth sense of things and persons, of what is past, present, and to come.

You live in the world, No-Nerves. I live in the world, and in a refracting atmosphere of the world as well. Which is the better man of the two? I don't know. Which is the happier? I don't care.

For this style of answer may be quoted at least the authority of Confucius. Some one asked him how many stars there were in the sky? "I don't know," said he, "I mind things near me." The questioner resumed, "Then how many hairs are there in the cat's back?" "I don't care," said the philosopher. This is the quip-heroic—omitted by Touchstone in his well-known enumeration. But, to deal more civilly with the matter. An elderly lady once asked me how I thought a person would feel who was sure of going to heaven. In a long and very eloquent speech, I told her my views. To my surprise, she was not comforted; on the contrary she began to cry, saying, "Ah, then, I shall never go to heaven, for I never felt a bit like that!" But in five minutes I had convinced her that she *did* feel like that. I simply altered the phraseology of my description, and she recog-

nized the picture at once—she *had* felt just what I described. The moral is obvious. Let no person who happens to read anything here written of the joys of nervousness go crying and say, "I never felt like that!"—a little explanation might set all to rights. Very likely you have been talking prose all your life without knowing it. All I say is, do not let us have any abuse of the Nerves. Do not confound nervousness with the megrims, or the doldrums, or any other complaint. Do not confound it with cowardice or ill-temper. And, when you come into practical relations with it in daily life, put it upon its defence as seldom as you can.

It never forgets—and if it is a decent sort of nervousness it will reward you some day for not driving it into anything more than general and remote apologies like the present.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

(For the Saturday Press.)
THE JEALOUS STREAM.

BY GEO. W. FORTMEYER.

I idly loung'd one summer day
Beside a murmur'ing stream,
And as it blithely went its way—
The flower-clad banks between,
Its low, soft whisp'rings seemed to say
Thy love's an idle dream!

She softly sighs when thou art near,
Her eyes with passion burn,
And in their depths, as thou dost peer,
But TRUTH canst THOU discern;
Yet this I tell thee lounging here,
'Tis all an idle dream.

Thou see'st e'en now the wanton wind
Upon my bosom play,
And dally with me as I wind
Through field and glen my way;
But thus it kisses many streams
This lovely summer day.

As false thy love! believe her not,
Though beautiful she be,
From out thine heart her image blot;
For this I tell to thee,
Though but a little murmur'ing stream,
Thy love's an idle dream.

Still as I cast a wond'ring glance
Upon the chiding stream,
And saw the sunlight o'er it dance,
And mid its ripples gleam,
I, musing, thought might it not chance
To be a jealous stream.

A sweet, seductive, little stream
That would my dear love cross,
And bid me think it all a dream,
Deceitful, vain and false!
And so, to murmur on its way—
I left the jealous stream,
Believing not, that summer day,
My love an idle dream!

SOON TO BE IN MARK-ET.

Mark Twain! We are informed that a sketch of the birth, life, and services of this mild reprobate and rampant humorist is soon to be forthcoming from several teeming presses. By a brief glance over the proof-sheets, we learn that this exemplary young Christain was born on the Mississippi—very frequently borne on it—that he never lessened the channel of the river by drinking any of the water; and was always considered a healthy infant. He piloted steamboats for a number of years—and succeeded in handling a number of them upon snags, from which

they never got off. He emigrated to California early in '49, in consequence of a slight misunderstanding with a Mississippi captain—upon whom he ventured the small practical joke of soaping his speaking trumpet—and settled at the Sutter mills, where he paid honorable attention to the widow of an early settler—but did not suit her and a good looking rival, with more credit at the grocery and a double barrelled shot gun, persuaded him to move. He then came down to San Francisco, where his time has been principally occupied in smoking a bogus meerschaum, filled with bad tobacco, and pitching into the police. He has a story in the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the Press can stand him, though very often he can't stand the press; it is about a frog, and will probably be illustrated by a jump. He is not as good looking as some other men are, but if he keeps on in his present industrious course, it is probable that he may some time edit a newspaper or own a steamboat. At present he is in Stockton, endeavoring to cure the maniacs of the impression that the world is round instead of square, by reading them a poem "after" Tennyson, entitled "He done his level best."

THE PALMY DAYS.

The drama is degenerate, young sir, don't talk to me!
I won't be talked to, when I see the things I daily see;
I shrug and sigh, and groan, ah, why are fled those noble plays,
We used to see with such delight in bygone "palmy days?"

You talk of tragedy, boy—pooh! you never see one now,
All scenery, gimcrackery, rant, rubbish, raving row;
You've painted canvas like the ground—we used to have green baize,
All through the play, so natural!—those were the "palmy days."

You have a moon that's like a moon, such realistic stuff!
A candle held behind the scene in my time was enough;
You've lime-light now to represent the moon's refulgent rays,
You daren't have tried such things in those departed "palmy days."

In comedy you're ten times worse, those two stock chairs
I miss,
Where two folks sat 'one saying "Sir, my history is this"—
And so on. Number two the while, with rapt attentive gaze,
Saying "This interests me much," in those old "palmy days."

I miss that model of a youth beneath whose waistcoat beat
A heart, etcetera—that youth, alas, I never meet;
Also the parent who would tears most sympathetic raise,
The heavy father's gone, alas!—gone with those "palmy days."

Where is that choleric old man who raved and stamped and swore,
"Dammy you dog! Egad! my lam!" that venerable bore;
Where is his "ward" who used to call him "guardy"—my amase
Is great to find she too has fled with those grand "palmy days."

Where's the young dog who used to flog the watch? and tell me where—
Where is his valet smart and trim, free, fast, and debonaire,
Who used to know so much about his master's means and ways,
Cheating the bailiff—where's he gone? Oh, with the "palmy days."

Where's Charles, his friend, who used to lead a grace to every scene,
With coat sky blue, and hat as new, and boots tee, neat and clean?
Where is the rustic with his grin and stock provincial phrase,
His "wheam," and "beacon," "yeall," and "writ" in those dear "palmy days?"

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

THIRD CONCERT AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

SATURDAY EVENING, January 27, 1898.

GRAND ORCHESTRA—EIGHTY PERFORMERS.

Orchestral Pieces: Mozart's Symphony, No. 1, in D, Men-
delsohn's Overture, Melusine, and Berlioz's Fantastic
Symphony, "AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST."

MR. JAMES M. WEHLI,
The Distinguished Pianist (Soloist).

CONDUCTOR.....MR. CARL BERGMANN

Tickets for sale at all the principal music-stores.

Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.

L. SPIER,
Secretary.

WALLACK'S.—

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
This Establishment does not advertise in the New
York Herald.

Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY,
HENRY DUNBAR.

MONDAY,
(Second time in two years.)

Sheridan's sterling comedy,
THE RIVALS.

TUESDAY,
HENRY DUNBAR.

WEDNESDAY,
(First time this season)

Boucicault's charming comedy,
THE IRISH HEIRESS.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

CARD.

MR. JAMES M. WEHLI, in response to numerous de-
mands of his friends in this city, begs leave to announce
that he will give ONE MORE GRAND MATINEE on
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 31. This will positively be his last
appearance in New York this season.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Sole Lessee and Directress.....Mrs. John Wood
Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn

This establishment does not advertise in the New
York Herald.

THIS SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 27,
accordance with a universal desire,

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT,

appear in his great impersonation of

SIR GILES OVERREACH,

assinger, a play, in five acts, entitled

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,

will be presented with a cast including

MR. J. B. STUDLEY,

Messrs. J. H. Stoddart, J. W. Blaisdell, G. W. Garrison,
J. Lewis, T. J. Hind, Miss Kate Newton, Mrs. G. H. Gil-
bert, Miss Annie Harris, etc., etc.

MONDAY Evening, January 20,

MRS. JOHN WOOD,

will make her appearance, for the first time in two months,
with

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT

in LONDON ASSURANCE.

In active preparation,

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

SEVERAL NOVELTIES

will shortly be presented, including a new Comedy, a new
Burlesque, and a

ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

Doors open at 7½; Curtain rises precisely a quarter
to 8. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
This establishment does not advertise in the New
York Herald.

SATURDAY Evening, January 27, 1898.

TWELFTH APPEARANCE

(after an absence of three years in Europe) of the eminent
Tragedienne,

MISS BATEMAN,

in her celebrated role of

LEAH,

A JEWISH MAIDEN,

in Mosenthal's beautiful play of that name.
Supported by Mr. J. O. COWPER, [his 12th appearance
in this country,] as Rudolph, and a powerful cast.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,

ORIGINAL MUSIC,

NEW AND CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES

AND APPOINTMENTS.

Admission, 75 cts.; Reserved seats, 50 cts.; Orchestra
chairs, \$1 50; Seats in Dress Circle Private Boxes, \$1 50;
Family Circle, entrance on Crosby street, 50 cts.; Private
Boxes, \$3, \$5, and \$10.

WINTER GARDEN.

This establishment does not advertise in the New
York Herald.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr. W. Stuart
Stage Manager.....Mr. J. G. Hanley

MR. EDWIN BOOTH;

will appear this evening in his great role of

EUY BLAS,

in Victor Hugo's Romantic Drama of that title. To be
preceded by the Petite Comedy entitled

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, 29 and 30

LAST TWO NIGHTS OF

HAMLET.

WEDNESDAY Afternoon, January 31, 1898,

The third of the series of

GRAND BOOTH MATINEES,

EDWIN BOOTH.....as.....EUY BLAS

WOOD'S THEATRE.—

Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

MANAGER.....GEORGE WOOD

SATURDAY, January 27. LAST NIGHT OF THE

GRAND COMBINATION,

Mr. Chanfrau, Heaton Brothers, and the Fountain.

MONDAY EVENING, and every

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON COMMENCING AT HALF PAST 1,

The great Comedian,

Mr. CHANFRAU.

will appear in two characters.

THE MODEL OF A WIFE.

Mons. Bonnetot.....Mr. Chanfrau

MOSE, or a

GLANCE AT NEW YORK,

produced under the direction of the author, Mr. Baker,

will follow.

Mr. Chanfrau.....Mose

concluding with the

IRISH TIGER.

Paddy Ryan, with song.....G. C. Davenport.

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.

Box Office open from eight to six o'clock.

SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN

the NEW YORK HERALD

CIRCUS AND DRAMA TWICE EACH DAY.

AFTERNOON AT 3, EVENING AT 7½.

CIRCUS TROUPE AND THOROUGHBRED HORSES.

TRICK PONY—EQUESTRIAN STARS.

PERFORMING THREE-HORNED BULL.

SPLENDID ACTS OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Previous to Circus the Romantic Drama of

ELSHIE, or THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

W. B. HARRISON, Extremestaneous binger.

GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.

THREE IMMENSE GIANTS—THREE DWARFS.

TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS—LIVING SKELETON.

MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN—GLASS BLOWERS.

Albino Boy, Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family,

Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.

Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.

HIPPOTHEATRON Building, Fourteenth street,

opposite the Academy of Music.

L. B. LENT.....Manager,

This Establishment does not advertise in the New York
Herald.

AN EMPHATIC SUCCESS

FOR THE SUBLIME ORIENTAL SPECTACLE

THE HALT IN THE DESERT;

WITH THE ROBINSON RIDERS,

AND TEN REAL ARABIAN HORSES

THE MARVELOUS ROBINSON

in his latest sensational Act.

THE ENGLISH STEEPLE CHASE.

MR. LEVI J. MONT,

MAD. TOURNAIRE,

AND ALL THE TROUPE.

EVERY NIGHT AT 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES at 2½.

WINTER GARDEN.—TIV YAWK

MR. HUMPHREY BLAND,

begs to announce that

HIS BENEFIT

will take place on

WEDNESDAY EVENING,

February 7th.

OFFICE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER & NEVADA

SILVER MINING COMPANY.

No. 70 Cedar Street, N. Y.

New York, January 30, 1898.

Amount of Capital Stock, \$2,000,000, all issued in pay-

ment for property.

The amount of existing debt does not exceed \$15,000.

(Signed.) N. H. LANGWORTHY, Pres.

GEO. H. TAYLOR,

H. E. SHOTWELL,

ISAAC P. LANGWORTHY,

D. A. LANGWORTHY.

Majority of Trustees

STATE OF NEW YORK,

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

On this twentieth day of January, 1898, personally ap-

peared before me, Frank Fuller, Secretary of the Knicker-

bocker and Nevada Silver Mining Company, and made

oath that the foregoing statement subscribed by the Pres-

ident, and a Majority of the Board of Trustees of said com-

pany, and is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed.) FRANK W. BALLARD,

Notary Public.

5 ct. Revenue Stamp

cancelled.

CHICKERING & SONS.

Established in 1823

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

Fifty-five Medals, in Gold, Silver and Bronze, have

been awarded for these Pianos, as

FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL COMPETITION

OPINIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS

THALBERG.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos beyond compar-

ison the best I have ever seen in America."

GOTTSCHE.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos superior to

in the world."

WEHLI.

"I believe that in every particular your Pianos are

superior to any I have ever seen in this country or

Europe."

SATTE.

"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of

articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled"

BASSINI.

"I always use and always recommend your Pianos

my pupils and friends.

MUZIO.

"I consider your Pianos the finest I have ever played

upon."

REASONS WHY THEY ARE THE BEST.

EXPERIENCE CAPITAL with which to obtain the best work-

men; to keep on hand stocks of the best material, to be

seasoned for years.

FACTORY.—The largest in the world, occupying five

acres of ground, and its united floors 52 feet wide and

mile and a quarter in length.

MACHINERY.—The most complete and expensive of any

Piano Factory in the country, many parts without a du-

PLICATE, being invented expressly by the elder Mr. CHICK-

ERING.

EXPERIENCE.—With these advantages, after the labor of

a half century, during which time they have manufactured

thirty thousand Pianos, they now offer the public an en-

tire new scale Piano, the most perfect ever made.

RESULT.—Messrs. Chickering & Sons are now making

more Pianos than any firm in the United States, and

Export to Europe yearly a large number of instruments

which are used by the leading artists of the day. Their

reputation has become world-wide.

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AND

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OF

Any Size required, either Single or in Chimes,

CAST TO ORDER.

Forty years' practice in the business enables us to cast

Bells in quality of metal, form and proportions, so as to

produce great volume and harmony of tone.

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